

British Navy.



CUP. 21 9.31/23

On the 1st of June, 1794, One Hundred and Forty Leagues from Ushant, LORD HOWE captured the Six following FRENCH Ships of the Line:

	Guns.		Guns.		Guns.		
<i>La Juste</i>	80		<i>L'America</i>	74		<i>Northumberland</i>	74
<i>Sans Pareille</i>	80		<i>L'Achille</i>	74		<i>L'Impetueux</i>	74
<i>Vengeur</i>	74	sunk immediately upon being taken possession of.					
<i>L'Jacobin</i>	74	sunk in Action. Not a Man saved.					

ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1794,

PORT-AU-PRINCE, in the Island of St. DOMINGO,

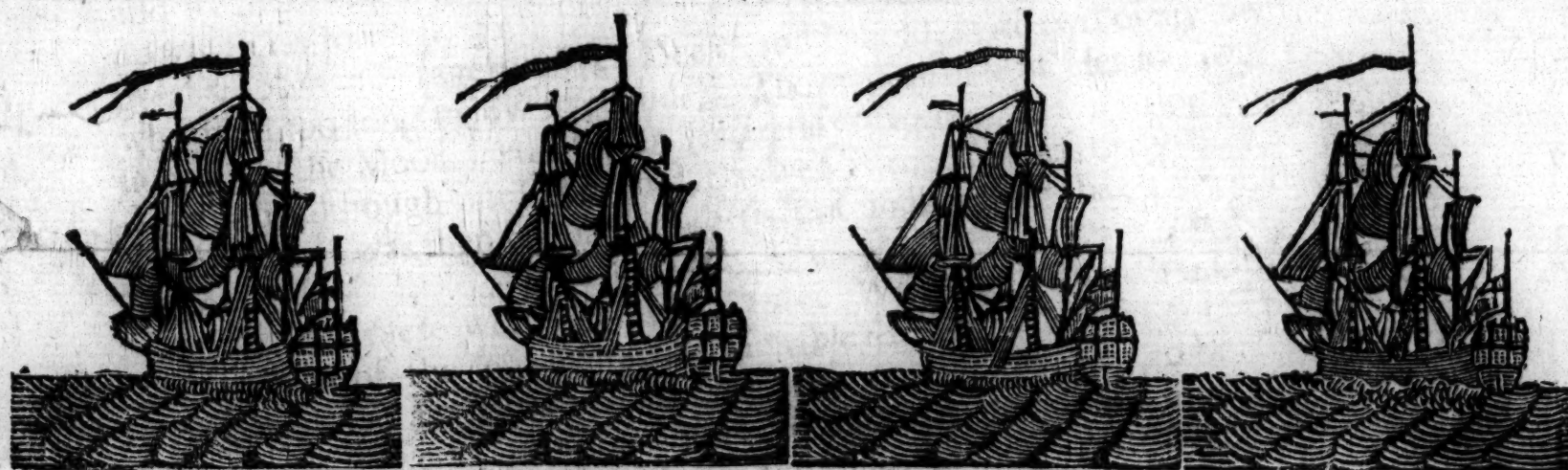
Was taken by BRIGADIER-GENERAL WHYTE,

Sent by SIR CHARLES GREY, (who died the 31st: May.)

There were found in the Harbour, 22 Vessels of various Burthen, amounting in the whole to 6,820 Tons, laden chiefly with Sugar and Coffee, and some few with Cotton and Indigo. Sixteen other Vessels in ballast, to the Amount of 5,340 Tons; and Seven old Vessels carreeing in the Harbour, making 2,440 Tons more.—Total, 45 Vessels—14,600 Tons.

BY THIS GLORIOUS ACQUISITION,

The whole Island of St. DOMINGO, lately belonging to FRANCE, is now possessed by the BRITISH Forces.—Also every Island in the WEST INDIES, that belonged to the FRENCH.



Q. CHARLOTTE.

R. SOVEREIGN.

R. GEORGE.

BRUNSWICK.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain,—
*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down;
All their attempts to bend thee down;
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, by thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*